

*Troilus and Cressida.*

As false as Cressida.

*Pand.* Go too, a bargain made: scale it, scale it, Ile be the witnesse here I hold your hand: here my Cousins, if euer you proue false one to another, since I haue taken such paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all constant men be *Troylusses*, all false women *Cressids*, and all brokers betweene, Panders: say, Amen.

*Troy.* Amen.

*Cres.* Amen.

*Pan.* Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, because it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, presse it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all long-tide Maidens heere, Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to prouide this geere. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* *Ulysses*, *Diomedes*, *Nestor*, *Agamemmon*, *Menelaus* and *Chalcas*. *Flourish.*

*Cal.* Now Princes for the seruice I haue done you, Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud, To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde, That through the sight I beare in things to loue, I haue abandon'd Troy, left my possession, Incur'd a Traitors name, expos'd my selfe, From certaine and possibill conueniences, To doubtfull fortunes, sequestring from me all That time, acquaintance, custome and condition, Made tame, and most familiar to my nature: And here to doe you seruice am become, As new into the world, strange, vnacquainted, I doe beseech you, as in way of taste, To giue me now a little benefit: Out of those many registred in promise, Which you say, liue to come in my behalfe.

*Agam.* What wouldst thou of vs Trojan? make demand?

*Cal.* You haue a Trojan prisoner, cal'd *Antenor*, Yesterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere. Oft haue you (often haue you, thanks therefore) Desir'd my *Cressida* in right great exchange. Whom Troy hath still deni'd: but this *Antenor*, I know is such a wrest in their affaires, That their negotiations all must slacke, Wanting his mannage: and they will almost, Giue vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of *Priam*, In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes, And he shall buy my Daughter: and her presence, Shall quite strike off all seruice I haue done, In most accepted paine.

*Agam.* Let *Diomedes* beare him, And bring vs *Cressida* hither: *Chalcas* shall haue What he requests of vs: good *Diomed*, Furnish you fairely for this interchange; Withall bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow Be answer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

*Dio.* This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen Which I am proud to beare. *Exit.*

*Enter* *Achilles* and *Patroclus* in their Tent. *Ulysses* stands in the entrance of his Tent; Please it our Generall to passe strangely by him, As if he were forgot: and Princes all, Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him; I will come last, 'tis like heele question me,

Why such vnplausiue eyes are bent? why turn'd on him? If so, I haue derision medicinable, To vse betweene your strangeness and his pride, Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke; It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse To show it selfe, but pride: for supple knees, Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees. *Agam.* Weele execute your purpose, and put on A forme of strangeness as we passe along, So doe each Lord, and either greete him not, Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more, Then if not look on: I will lead the way.

*Achil.* What comes the Generall to speake with me? You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainst Troy.

*Agam.* What saies *Achilles*, would he ought with vs? *Nes.* Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

*Achil.* No.

*Nes.* Nothing my Lord.

*Agam.* The better.

*Achil.* Good day, good day.

*Men.* How doe you? how doe you?

*Achil.* What, do's the Cuckold scorne me?

*Ajax.* How now *Patroclus*?

*Achil.* Good morrow *Ajax*?

*Ajax.* Ha.

*Achil.* Good morrow.

*Ajax.* I, and good next day too. *Exeunt.*

*Achil.* What meane these fellows? know they not *Achilles*?

*Patr.* They passe by strangely: they were vs'd to bend To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*:

To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to holy Altars. *Achil.* What am I poore of late?

'Tis certaine, greatness once false out with fortune, Must fall out with mentoo: what the declin'd is, He shall as soone read in the eyes of others, As seele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies, Shew not their meale wings, but to the Summer: And not a man for being simply man, Hath any honour; but honour'd for those honours That are without him, as place, riches, and fauour, Prizes of accident, as oft as merite:

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers; The loue that leand on them as slippery too, Doth one plucke downe another, and together Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me; Fortune and I are friends, I doe enjoy At ample point, all that I did possesse, Saue these mens looks: who do me thinkes finde out Something not worth in me such rich beholding, As they haue often giuen. Here is *Ulysses*, Ile interrupt his reading: how now *Ulysses*?

*Ulyss.* Now great *Thetis* Sonne.

*Achil.* What are you reading?

*Ulyss.* A strange fellow here

Writes me, that man, how dearely euer parted, How much in hauing: or without, or in, Cannot make boast to haue that which he hath; Nor fees not what he owes, but by reflection: As when his vertues shining vpon others, Heate them, and they retort that heate againe To the first giuer.

*Achil.* This is not strange *Ulysses*:

The beautie that is borne here in the face, The bearer knowes not, but commends it selfe, Nor going from it selfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,

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Salutes each other with each others forme: For speculation turnes not to it selfe, Till it hath trauail'd, and is married there Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.

*Ulyss.* I doe not straine it at the position, It is familiar; but at the Authors drift, Who in his circumstance, expressly proues That no may is the Lord of any thing, (Though in and of him there is much confisting,) Till he communicate his parts to others:

Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought, Till he behold them formed in th' applause, Where they are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate The voyce againe; or like a gate of Steele, Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders backe His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this, And apprehended here immediately:

The vnknowne *Ajax*; Heauens what a man is there! a very Horse, That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there Most abiect in regard, and deare in vse. What things againe most deere in the esteeme, And poore in worth: now shall we see to morrow, An act that very chance doth throw vpon him?

*Ajax* renown'd? O heauens, what some men doe, While some men leaue to doe! How some men creepe in skittish fortunes hall, While others play the Ideots in her eyes: How one man eates into anothers pride, While pride is feasting in his wantonnesse To see these Grecian Lords; why, euen already, They clasp the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder, As if his foote were on braue *Hectors* brest, And great *Troy* shrinking.

*Achil.* I doe beleue it: For they past by me, as myfers doe by beggars, Neither gaue to me good word, nor looke: What are my deedes forgot?

*Ulyss.* Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe, Wherein he puts almes for obliuion: A great siz'd monster of ingratitude: Those scraps are good deedes past, Which are deuour'd as fast as they are made, Forgot as soone as done: perseuerance, deere my Lord, Keeps honor bright, to haue done, is to hang Quite out of fashion, like a rustie male, In monumentall mockrie: take the instant way, For honour travels in a straight so narrow, Where one but goes a breast, keepe then the path: For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes, That one by one pursue; if you giue way, Or hedge aside from the direct forth right; Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by, And leaue you hindmost:

Or like a gallant Horse false in first ranke, Lye there for pauement to the abiect, neere Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in present, Though lesse then yours in past, must ore-top yours: For time is like a fashionable Hoste, That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th' hand; And with his armes out-stretcht, as he would flye, Grasps in the commer: the welcome euer smiles, And farewells goes out fighting: O let not vertue seeke Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit, High birth, vigor of bone, desert in seruice, Loue, friendship, charity, are subiects all

To enuious and calumniating time: One touch of nature makes the whole world kin: That all with one consent praise new borne gaudes, Though they are made and moulded of things past, And goe to dust, that is a little guilt, More laud then guilt ore dusted.

The present eye praises the present object: Then maruell not thou great and compleat man, That all the Greekes begin to worship *Ajax*: Since things in motion begin to catch the eye, Then what not flits: the cry went out on thee, And fill it might, and yet it may againe, If thou wouldst not entombe thy selfe aloue, And case thy reputation in thy Tent; Whose glorious deedes, but in these fields of late, Made emulous millions 'mongst the gods themselves, And draue great *Mars* to faction.

*Achil.* O this my priuacie, I haue strong reasons. *Ulyss.* But gainst your priuacie The reasons are more potent and heroy call: 'Tis knowne *Achilles*, that you are in loue With one of *Priams* daughters.

*Achil.* Ha? knowne? *Ulyss.* Is that a wonder? The prouidence that's in a watchfull State, Knowes almost euery graiue of *Plutoes* gold; findes bottome in th' vncomprehensiu deapes; Keepe place with thought; and almost like the gods, Doe thoughts vnaile in their dumbe cradles: There is a myserie (with whom relation Durst neuer meddle) in the soule of State; Which hath an operation more diuine, Then breath or pen can giue expresseure to: All the comperle that you haue had with *Troy*, As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord, And better would it hit *Achilles* much, To throw downe *Hector* then *Polyxena*.

But it must grieue young *Pirhus* now at home, When fame shall in her land sound her trumpe; And all the Greekish Girles shall tripping sing, Great *Hectors* sister did *Achilles* winne; But our great *Ajax* brauely beate downe him. Farewell my Lord: I as your louer speake; The foole slides ore the Ice that you should breake.

*Patr.* To this effect *Achilles* haue I mou'd you: A woman impudent and mannish growne, Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man, In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this; They thinke my little stomacke to the warre, And your great loue to me, restraines you thus: Sweete, rouse your selfe; and the weak wanton *Cupid* Shall from your necke vnloose his amorous fould, And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane, Be shooke to ayrie ayre.

*Achil.* Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*? *Patr.* I, and perhaps receiue much honor by him. *Achil.* I see my reputation is at stake, My fame is shrowdly gored.

*Patr.* O then beware: Those wounds heale ill, that men doe giue themselves: Omission to doe what is necessary, Seales a commission to a blanke of danger, And danger like an ague subly taints, Euen then when we sit idly in the sunne.

*Achil.* Goe call *Thersites* hither, sweet *Patroclus*,